

THE
[2 A 2 E H T]
Horatij Flacci Sermorum

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
FOLIO
Liber Primus, Satira Quarta.

¹ *E*Upolis, atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque Poetae,
Atque alij, quorum Comædia prisca Virorum est:

*Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur:
Quod Mæchus foret, aut Sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, magna cum libertate notabant.*

² *Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce sequutus,
Mutatis tantum pedibus numerisque, facetus;
Emunctæ Naris, durus componere versus.
Namque fuit vitiosus: in hora sæpe ducentos,
Ut Magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno.*

³ *Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem,
Scribendi recte: nam ut Multum, nil moror.*



⁴ *Ecce*

THE FOURTH SATIRE

O F

The First Book of *HORACE*

I M I T A T E D.

¹ WHEN awful *Johnson* on th' improving Stage
With comic Humour lash'd the vitious Age;

When the strong Scene of *Wycherley* was fear'd,

And *Congreve's* pointed Wit by Fools rever'd;

No Vice or Folly did their Satire spare,

But drew the Knave and Blockhead as they were;

Aw'd by no Fear, expecting no Reward,

Lash'd the rich Villain, or the courtly Lord,

² From comic Scenes, the Prose transvers'd to Rymes,

Our modern Sat'rists would instruct the Times;

Tho' Envious, Dull, tho' dull wou'd Wits commence,

Well stor'd with Gall, tho' destitute of Sense:

They place their Virtue in a ready Thought,

And write a Satire—while you turn about.

³ By writing much, no Mortal can excel,

But all the Praise consists in writing Well.

From

⁴ *Ecce*

*Crispinus minimo me provocat: Accipe, si vis,
Accipe jam Tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Custodes: videamus, uter quis scribere possit.*

⁵ *Dij bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt Animi raro & perpauca loquentis.*

⁶ *At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras
Usque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis,
Ut mavis, imitare.*

⁷ *Beatus Fannius, ultro*

*Dilatis capsis & imagine, quum mea nemo
Scripta legat vulgo recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
Quod sunt, quos genus hoc minime juvat, utpote plures
Culpari dignos. Quemvis media erue turba.*

⁸ *Aut ob Avaritiam,*

Aut

From a quick Thought first rose poor *Ralpho's* Hope
To equal *Milton*, or to rival *Pope*.

" 4 Give me, He cries, Give each of us a Ream,

" Propose yourself the Place, the Time, the Theme;

" Let either have his Guard; for all your Boast

" We now shall see, Sir, who can write the *most* :

5 How happy *Pope*, who, of less daring Mind,

His Words to Thought, His Thought to Sense confin'd!

6 But you, O *R—ph*, with bolder Genius fraught,

Uncurb'd by Sense, plunge on without a Thought,

7 Till like big Bellows thy swol'n Muse we find

Puff, Roar, and be deliver'd of her Wind.

8 Thrice blest'd the Man the Laureat of our Isle!

Who, tho' none praise, can make all Readers smile:

While *Pope* has no such Talent to engage;

Few but run hasty o'er his manly Page,

Trembling they know some Vice or Folly shewn,

Half dead with Fear, they dread it is their own;

For gen'ral Satire will all Vices fit,

And ev'ry Fool or Knave will think he's hit.

9 Describe the Knight by Love of Riches won,

No more you wound Sir *G—lb--t*, but Sir *J---n*.

Aut ambitione laborat.

Hic nuptiarum insanit Amoribus.

Hic Puerorum.

Hunc capit argenti splendor.

- 9 Paint a Court Pimp, a Slave to Lechery,
And *Diphilus* * cries out— by G—d that's me.
Why shou'd he think on him alone it bore?
What Court in *Europe* is without a Score?
- 10 Am'rous Sir *John*, just at the Verge of Life,
Lufts for a Whore, which Whore must be a Wife;
The Name of Wife will the like Charm contain
In Mercer's Spouse, or Dame of *Drury-Lane*:
From *Ludgate-Hill* or *Bridewell* shou'd he take her,
Alike he's pleas'd, if thought a Cuckold-Maker:
Thus Old Sir *John*— " Sir Fopling Young and Gay,
Pride of the *Mall*, and Splendor of the Play,
Burns with as hot a Flame; but more uncommon,
His Taste is too refin'd to love a Woman:
Hint that a Brace of Lovers *Fulvia* keeps;
For Fear she is betray'd poor *Saintly* weeps:
- 12 Tell how *Rufina* dines: She dines in State;
The Side-Board loaded with the maffy Plate,
And Fifty unpaid Tradesmen at her Gate.
Each Quadrille Lady trembles far and near,
From *Hyde-Park Corner* down to *Temple-Bar*.

* A Character in Achilles.

¹³ *Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere Poetas.*

¹⁴ *Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge.*

¹⁵ *Dummodo risum*

Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcat amico

Et quodcunque semel chartis ille verit, omnes

Gestiet a furno redeuntes scire lacuque,

Et pueros, & anus.

¹⁶ *Agedum pauca accipe contra:*

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse Poetas,

Excerpam numero.

¹⁷ *Neque enim concludere versum*

Dixeris esse satis: neque, si quis scribat uti nos,

Sermoni propria, putes hunc esse Poetam.

¹⁸ *Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os*

Magna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus Honorem.

¹⁹ *Idcirco*

¹³ Satire, to these, is monstiously ill-bred,
They wisely damn the Poet that they dread.

¹⁴ “ Fly, fly, *Avaunt* ;---He comes, a Poet comes,
“ Fierce roll his Eye-Balls, at his Mouth he foams ;
“ He’s Mad ----¹⁵ He cares not whom he may offend,
“ Nor will he lose his Joke to spare his Friend :
“ Satire he writes, which ever he repeats
“ At Court, in Park, at Church, or in the Streets :
“ All, all must give their Judgment on his Verse,
“ The Peer, the Bard, the Parson, and the Nurse.

¹⁶ Hold, hold, my hasty Friend, nor tire your Tongue,
Vain is your Rage when all your Charge is wrong ;
For Sat’rists write in so untun’d a Strain,
They claim no Title to th’ harmonious Train :

¹⁷ No Poet he, who Word with Word can chime,
And tag a rough prosaic Verse with Ryme ;

¹⁸ But him the Poet call, in whom combine
The noble Spirit, and the Thought Divine ;
Who knows each human Passion to controul,
Melt the hard Heart, or fire the frozen Soul.

¹⁹ Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne Poema
 Esset, quæsiwere : quod acer spiritus, ac vis
 Nec verbis, nec rebus inest ; nisi quod pede certo
 Differt sermoni, sermo merus.

²⁰ At pater ardens
 Sævit ; quod meretrice nepos insanit amica
 Filius, uxorem magna cum dote recuset.

²¹ Numquid Pomponius istis
 Audiret leviora, pater si viveret ?

²² Hactenus hæc. Alias justum sit, necne poema :

²⁴ Nunc illud tantum quæram ; meritone tibi sit
 Suspectum genus hoc scribendi.

²⁵ Sulcius acer
 Ambulat, & Caprius, rauci male, cumque libellis ;
 Magnus uterque timor latronibus.

¹⁹ Criticks in all Professions disagree,
 But none more oft' than those in Poetry:
 Some grant to comic Scenes, or Satire, Praise,
 But more deny their Title to the Bays;
 Say they want Diction, want poetic Merit,
 Fire in the Thought, and in the Stile a Spirit:

“ There in no broken Accents Passion glows;

“ And, only for the Name, they'd pass for Prose:

²⁰ What then, Sir, do you call the *Miser's* * Rage?

He frets, he raves, he storms, he shakes the Stage;

Now his lost Hoard he mourns in plaintive Tone,

Now pours his Curses on a spend-thrift Son;

²¹ Curses so dreadful, as not more severe,

Arthur's mad Son, if *Arthur* liv'd, might fear.

²² Enough; I leave to *Bently* and to *Hare*,

If Comedy and Satire Poems are:

²⁴ But as some say that they to Libels tend,

I'll only see if justly they offend.

²⁵ With Charge 'gainst Theft (tho' stol'n the Charge he gave)

With loudly raving 'gainst each petty Knave,

* In Plautus and Moliere.

²⁶ *At bene si quis*

Et puris vivat manibus, contemnat utrumque.

²⁷ *Ut sis tu similis Cæli Birrhique, latronum,*

Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci. Cur metuas me?

²⁸ *Nulla taberna meos habeat*

²⁹ *Neque pila libellos,*

Queis manus insudet vulgi, Hermogenisque Tigelli.

³⁰ *Non recito cuiquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus:*

Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet.

Hoarse from the Bench, Majestic down the Hall,
 With solemn Pace come *G---n* and *Du Val* :
 The thronging Crowd obstructs-- " Here comes Sir *J--n*,"
 Whores, Bullies, Pickpockets and Gamsters run ;
 Each Sharper damns 'em for his empty Purse,
 And ev'ry daggled Female adds her Curse :
²⁶ The honest smile, secure in Good alone,
 Nor fear their Worships, tho' their Worships frown.
²⁷ *B--d* may be worse than *Johnson* * 'fore a Jury,
 Or chaste *Corinna* than poor Nymph of *Drury* ;
 Yet why shou'd conscious Fear produce Confession ?
Pope has no Pow'r to bind 'em to the Session :
 What shou'd they fear ? he cannot blast their Name,
 Who only knows what's known to common Fame :
²⁸ He in no Ale-House chaunts his Verses o'er,
 To tell each Porter what he knew before,
 Nor lash'd by him on ²⁹ Bulks their Folly lies,
 To teach the truant School-Boy to be wise.
³⁰ So far from bold, his Modesty offends ;
 He'll read but to a few, those few his Friends.

* Roger Johnson.

D

³¹ " But

³¹ *In medio qui*

Scripta foro recitent sunt multi, quique lavantes:

³² *Suave locus voci resonat conclusus.*

³³ *Inanes*

Hoc jurat, haud illud quærentes num sine sensu,

Tempore num faciant alieno.

³⁴ *Lædere gaudes,*

Inquis, & hoc studio pravus facis.

³⁵ *Unde petium*

Hoc in me jadis? Est actor quis denique eorum

Vixi cum quibus?

³⁶ *Absentem qui rodit amicum,*

Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos

Qui

³¹ “ But some there are repeat to all they know,
 “ If the Place publick---they will read more low:

³² “ But should it be a Room, then ev’ry Note
 “ Will eccho sweeter thro’ a warbling Throat:

“ On the first Day of Term, in crowded Hall,

“ They’d rather read than not to read at all.”

³³ These are your hot young Bards, so fond of Ryme
 They never can consult or Place or Time;
 Address in Verse a Judge upon the Bench,
 Or while the Bishop prays describe a Wench.

³⁴ But *Pope* you say with Pleasure flings his Darts,
 And each so touch’d it wounds a thousand Hearts:
 They fly promiscuous at the Good or Ill,
 At War with All, he cares not whom they kill.

³⁵ Whence, Sir, your Knowledge to the Man unknown?
 That true your Charge what injur’d Friend will own,
 Who with him quaffs the Heart-revealing Bowl,
 Judge of his Life and Partner of his Soul?
 Cou’d such a Man by *Mordaunt* be approv’d,
 • By *Burlington* admir’d, by *Bathurst* lov’d?

³⁶ Who points his Sarcastm at an absent Friend,
 Eager to censure, tardy to defend;

*Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest, Commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est: hunc tu Romane caveto.*

³⁷ *Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos:
E quibus unus ariet quavis aspergere cunctos,*

³⁸ *Præter eum, qui præbet aquam: post, hunc quoque potus,
Condita cum verax aperit præcordia Liber.*

³⁹ *Hic tibi comis, & urbanus, liberque videtur
In festo nigris.*

⁴⁰ *Ego si risi, quod ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum,
Lividus & mordax videor tibi?*

⁴¹ *Mentio si qua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli*

To raise a noisy Laugh, whose only Aim,
 Whose sole Ambition is a Jester's Fame :
 Who more than e'er he saw can bring to View,
 Or wisely whisper more than e'er he knew:
 Who blabs a Secret to each Fool that's near,
 This, this, is He you need alone to fear.

³⁷ Oft' may you see at Tables of the Great
 Mid'Squires, Knights, Lords and Ministers of State,
 Some merry Wight for Mirth and Scandal known,
 A laughing, sneering, comical Buffoon.

On each Companion round who cracks his Jest,
³⁸ And only spares my Lord, who gives the Feast:
 But when embolden'd by the genial Glass,
 Truth will have Vent-- and then, my Lord's an Ass.

³⁹ This (tho' you hate a Sat'rist at your Soul)
 You love, because a pleasing, hum'rous Droll.

⁴⁰ Yet if *Pope's Balaam* lash a knavish Cit,
 Must you damn him for a *malicious* Wit?
 But, modern Cenfor, so perverse your Ways,
 Praising you damn, and when you damn you praise:

⁴¹ Whoe'er the Crimes of *Th--ps--n* shou'd rehearse,
 The Orphan's Ruin, and the Widow's Curse,

Te coram fuerit: defendas, ut tuus est mos.
Me Capitolinus convictore usus amicoque
A puero est, causaque mea permulta rogatus
Fecit: & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe:
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto iudicium illud
*Fugerit. --*⁴² *Hic nigræ succus loliginis, hæc est*
Ærugo mera: quod vitium procul abfore chartis,
Atque animo prius; ut, si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud, vere promitto.

⁴³ *Liberius si*

Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
*Cum venia dabis:*⁴⁴ *Insuevit pater optimus hoc me,*
Ut fugerem, exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi ipse parasset:
Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius? utque
*Barrus inops?*⁴⁵ *A turpi meretricis amore*
Cum deterreret, Sæctani dissimilis sis.
⁴⁶ *Ne sequerer mæchas, concessa cum Venere uti*
Possim: deprensi non bella est fama Treboni,
*Aiebat.*⁴⁷ *Sapiens, vitatu quidque petitu*
Sit melius, causas reddet tibi: mi satis est, si

Traditum

With pious Care you thus the Wretch defend,

“ I knew him from a Boy, -- a merry Friend,

“ I’m glad to save him, that the Laws contribute,

“ Tho’ faith I wonder how he ’scap’d the Gibbet.

⁴² This is like Fruits of *Sodom*, which impart

Smiles to the Face, but Poison to the Heart.

Pope, I wou’d swear, by no such Vice is wrought,

Banish’d his Verse, nay banish’d from his Thought :

⁴³ If he for Wit or Freedom is to blame,

Indulge a Fault, he has a Right to claim.

⁴⁴ His Father taught him with observing Eyes

To mark the Foibles that in others rise,

And from exploded Folly to be wise:

He’d cry, a lavish Mind to make him dread,

“ See *W---rt---n* cringing to the Slaves he fed !

⁴⁵ If he’d the Danger of the Stews expose ;

“ Beware, beware, Lord *L-----n*’s falling Nose :

⁴⁶ Or if adult’rous Lust he’d have him shun,

“ By *London* Jury *L---dd---l* was undone :

Then add ---⁴⁷ Tho’ learned Seers may show more nice

“ The *Path* of Virtue, and the *Road* of Vice,

“ I teach

*Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, tuamque,
Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
Incolumem possim: simul ac duraverit ætas
Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice.*

⁴⁸ *Sic me*

*Formabat puerum dictis: &, sive jubebat,
Ut facerem quid; Habes autorem, quo facias hoc,*

⁴⁹ *Unum ex Judicibus selectis objiciebat:*

*Sive vetabat; An hoc honestum & inutile factu
Necne sit, addubites; flagret rumore malo cum
Hic atque ille?*

⁶⁰ *Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit:
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
Absterrent vitijs.*

⁶⁰ *Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis,
Perniciem quæcunque ferunt; mediocribus, & queis
Ignoscas, vitijs teneor. Fortassis & istinc
Largiter abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,*

Consi-

“ I teach you but a willing Ear to give,
 “ And with paternal Honesty to live;
 “ With Steadiness your Course of Life to steer,
 “ Your Fame unfully’d, and your Honour clear;
 “ Then Old in Praise, lov’d by the Good and Great,
 “ Laugh at the Squirts of Envy and of Hate.”

48 Thus wou’d the careful Father form the Youth
 To early Love of Virtue and of Truth;

Thus give him Charge—“ Whatever you pursue,

“ Have good Authority for what you do;

“ Follow some known good Man, yourself distrust,

49 “ As *Price* be Honest, and as *Raymond* Just:

“ No Doubts of what is Evil can you have,

“ When Infamy marks out the branded Knave:

50 “ If a Sot’s kill’d by his eight Flasks, or more,

“ D * * for fear of Death will drink but Four:

“ So by the Vice which others are undone,

“ An honest Mind is taught that Vice to shun.”

60 If hence, from *Vices Pope* has kept his Mind,

Errors forgive, the *Foibles* of Mankind;

He with good Nature will those Errors own,

By friendly Censure, or Reflection shown;

Consilium proprium. — ⁶¹ *Neque enim, cum lectulus, aut me*

Porticus excepit, desum mihi:

⁶² *Rectius hoc est,*

Hoc faciens, vivam melius: sic dulcis amicis

Occurram. Hoc quidam non belle: numquid ego illi

Imprudens olim faciam simile? — ³⁶ *Hæc ego mecum*

Compressis agito labris. Ubi quid datur oti,

Illudo chartis.

⁶⁴ *Hoc est mediocribus illis*

Ex vitiis unum:

⁶⁵ *Cur si concedere nolis,*

Multa poetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ

Sit mihi. Nam multo plures sumus: ac veluti te

Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

F I N I S

⁶¹ Beneath a Tree, or on his Couch reclin'd,
He questions often and explores his Mind.

⁶² " This must be right -- That may oblige a Friend;
" This wrong -- Then shall I knowingly offend?"

⁶³ Thus to his Mind is Vice or Folly brought,
And at a leisure Hour he pens his Thought;
His Thoughts run into Verse, by Use or Nature,
And this is what the Town *will* call a *Satire*.

⁶⁴ Such is his Error; if you please, his Crime;

⁶⁵ But if you will forbid the Use of Ryme,

All our enrag'd Poetic Bands shall meet,

From Cells, from Garrets, *Grub-street* and the *Fleet*;

We then will press you ('scape us if you can)

Like Soldier forc'd to be a *Gentleman*:

Train you to Crambo, tho' against your Will,

And dubb you a *Learn'd Brother of the Quill*.

The End.

"Beneath a Tree, or on his Couch reclin'd,

He questions often and explores his Mind.

"This must be right -- That may oblige a Friend;

"This wrong -- I then shall knowingly offend."

Publiſh'd this Winter.

OF Verbal Criticism, an Epistle to Mr. Pope.

The Man of Taste.

Of the Use of Riches, by Mr. Pope.

Of False Taste, by Mr. Pope.

The First Satire of the Second Book of *Horace* imitated, in a Dialogue between Mr. Pope and his Council.

Art of Politicks.

Progress of Love.

Advice to a Lady.

From Cells from Garters, Gird-Sweet and the Fleet;

We then will press you (scrape us if you can)

Like Soldier forc'd to be a Gentleman:

Tain you to Crambo, tho' against your Will,

And dubb you a Learned Brother of the Quill.



The End.

